

AMONG THE BOOKS

Glimpse of Joel Chandler Harris' "Little Union Scout."

Love Story in Time of the Civil War.

SCENE IN THE SOUTH.

Confederate General Forest One of the Characters.

Items of Interest to Lovers of Books.

Joel Chandler Harris is known for his stories in negro dialect of which he is a master. His admirers will, however, not be disappointed nor disappointed with his latest effort which while it deals of the south contains very little of the material which made the author famous.

that all who have been permitted to read it in manuscript have approved it, not only some of the foremost names in contemporary English literature, but the leading scholars of Persian in America, England and Germany.

MR. MITCHELL'S NEW BOOK.

"The Villa Claudia" Is an Italian Love Story.

"The Villa Claudia" is J. A. Mitchell's latest book, just published by the Life Publishing company. While the readers of "Amos Judd" and "The Pines of Lory" may be disappointed in Mr. Mitchell's latest effort, they will find in it many bits of delightful dialogue and a rather thrilling plot. The mystery which is the foundation of Mr. Mitchell's romance is hinted at early in its pages. It would be unfair to the reader to give any hint of just what it is or to reveal its solution; it is enough to say that Mr. Mitchell has embodied in "The Villa Claudia" a thoroughly new idea and has handled it in a way to hold the reader's close attention to the very end. The scene of the story is laid at a villa in modern Tivoli, the town which in the time of Horace was Tibur and was the favorite dwelling place of the jolly Latin poet. His Sabine farm was nearby, and in many

the strangely but appropriately named villa, the heroine. She is not the romantic doll one meets in modern historical fiction. On the contrary, she stands breathing before you, an actual being, the incarnation of the spirit of self-sacrificing American womanhood. Her were there many, south and north, and she of "The Villa Claudia" is a representation of these. Then there is another finely drawn figure. Then we have Fabrice, the "Underground," who represents the lofty idealism and courage of the abolitionists. And Pasque! What southerner has not known Pasque? What Yankee has not met him a foe worthy of his noble and noble Pasque! Indeed, the spirit of the great war breathes throughout the entire book. And all through the medium of the characters.

The Baroness von Hutten, author of "Araby" and "The Notorious Sir Charles Grady," spends much of her time on her husband's estate, Schloss Steinbach, in the Main valley, Bavaria. An aged and somewhat eccentric character, she is graciously called to extend her sympathy. The man sat stolid and silent under her candor, not even daring to look at her. She was a woman of a vigorous attack upon his evening meal. A pause followed the last of her words. "Well, it's a good thing it wasn't the case," she said. "I am not crazy. I can 'make good' on this proposition. I reckon most of you have met the seemilks. Alas, and also oh, my! I'd rather be a cotton living than a seemilk. There are people who will tell you that the seemilk man."

Ex-President Cleveland for a busy man and a presidential candidate is finding time for considerable literary work. Several articles in the weeklies and lectures at Princeton university have been his recent contributions. This lecture delivered at the Chicago railroad strike of 1894, and for the first time gives the inside history of this great political and industrial crisis. It is announced that the lecture will be published in full in McClure's. It is also announced that a book from Mr. Cleveland's pen will be published this fall.

Lincoln Steffens has just returned from Illinois, where he has been studying political conditions for another article in his series on the States for McClure's. While in Chicago Mr. Steffens was a speaker at the banquet which closed the convention of the National Municipal league. There he surprised his audience by his expression of optimism for the future of American municipal politics, as the result of the election of good men in the great cities. Things are so bad that there must be reform, Mr. Steffens says.

"The Highroad," just issued by Herbert S. Stone & Co., is an indirect attack upon American society and its ideals and ambitions. It is said to be written from the inside, with abundant knowledge, and it is only by agreeing with society and being a part of it that the author exposes it.

The Outlook company is publishing "Getting Acquainted with the Trees," in which emphasis is laid upon the peculiar beauties of the ordinary varieties of trees that escape the accustomed eye of the observer. The author, J. Horace McFarland, has provided for the work many remarkable illustrations.

Henry Harland, the author of "My Friend Prospero," is now in Venice. He was driven from London by the bad spring weather and spent some time at the Italian lakes. It is said that he has made good progress with the new book he has under way.

Rupert Hughes' forthcoming book, "The Real New York," is to be illustrated with a hundred original pen and ink drawings by H. J. Meyer. Mr. Meyer's types are known the length and breadth of the land for their striking humor and laudable caricature.

Mrs. George Madden Martin, the author of "Emmy Lou," has returned to Louisiana from Florida, where she was residing after writing her new novel, "The House of Fulfillment," which is now appearing in McClure's Magazine.

The publishers of Anita Vivanti Charities "Winning Him Back" have received several flattering offers for the dramatic rights of the bright little comedy, despite the fact that the book has barely made its bow to the reading public.

Stewart Edward White, the author of "The Silent Places," has returned with his bride to Santa Barbara, Calif., where he will occupy his house, "The Jumping Off Place."

McClure-Phillips are printing a third edition of Auguste Sabatier's "Religions of Authority."

Joseph Conrad's new book, "Romance," has gone into a second edition.

FUNERAL OF JUDGE SIMPSON.

Was Held Today at His Late Home in McPherson.

The funeral of Judge M. P. Simpson, who was killed in an automobile accident at Newton a few days ago, was held today at the home of the deceased at McPherson.

The funeral of the supreme court went home Friday to attend the funeral with the rest of the Harvey county bar. The majority of the Reno county bar also attended from Hutchinson. There has been no rush of candidates to succeed Judge Simpson. Governor Bailey is very much gratified at this. He believes that there should be no undue haste in candidates applying for the office before the funeral of a deceased official. So far there have been no applications for the appointment, and only a single recommendation. A Harvey county man recommends Cyrus S. Bowman of Newton. Mr. Bowman is one of the oldest lawyers in the district. It has been supposed in some quarters that McPherson county would not ask for the place. The fact of the matter is that county has had it for several years, and this year also has the state senator. The McPherson Republican, however, has noticed that the county is not to be counted out. It says:

"The death of Judge M. P. Simpson creates a vacuum in this judicial district which will be filled by appointment by the governor until the election. The man appointed to that position will no doubt show a better shot in the judicial convention, which is yet to be called, of receiving the nomination, than other aspirants. Reno and Harvey counties both have candidates for the appointment and take it for granted, or at least dispositive from Hutchinson indicate so, that McPherson will have no candidate. This is not admitted for a moment. McPherson will have to be reckoned with in the appointment of a judge as well as in the nominating convention. McPherson has been so dazed at the tragic death of Judge Simpson, and the taking away of our best citizen, that no action has been taken in the matter of his successor, nor will there be until after the funeral. When the proper time comes McPherson will act, and will be a factor in the appointment of a judge in this district."

An Open Letter.

From the Chapin, S. C., news: Early in the spring my wife and I were taken with diarrhoea, and so severe were the pains that we called a physician who prescribed for us, but his medicines failed to give any relief. A friend who had a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy on hand gave each of us a dose and we at once felt the relief. The next morning we were entirely cured. It is a wonderful remedy and has saved many a household from the ravages of this disease. This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

Annual Meeting German Baptist Brethren (Dunkards).

The Missouri Pacific will sell tickets to the annual meeting of the German Baptist Brethren (Dunkards) at rate of one fare for the round trip, limited to May 20th. Through train service between Topeka and Carthage, leaving Topeka 9:55 a. m.



ALTHOUGH the contrary would seem to be true, I find that dry goods and men have something in common. For instance, there are three kinds of men—the seemilks, the all wools and the all silks.



seemilk has some excuse; that he thinks he is the real thing. But he doesn't. Take my word for it. Deep down in his heart he knows he is nothing but a miserable seemilk and is content to remain so because it is easier than being the real thing. That's the trouble. If it were an unconscious

that some rich widow may gaze upon his affluence, be fascinated by the devilishness of his decorations and support him for life. When the seemilk man is a journalist he hints darkly at things that come his way and poses as the assistant managing editor when he is only the third hander of the paste pot or the guardian of the clipping scissors.

I used to wonder in my foolish days why the seemilk didn't put up forty licks of real effort and gradually work himself up to the real thing; why he didn't work like the mischief and then play like the mischief instead of making a miserable compromise all around. But, bless your heart, I know better now. There is a use for everything in this world. There have to be half tones and there have to be shadows, and even the angleworms and the porcupines have their places. What would melody be without the flat, and what would the most gorgeous figure painting be without the humble background? The seemilks are here to make us appreciate the others and incidentally to become fitting mates of their sister seemilks.

The All Wools. Then there are the all wools. I had one of those sitting on my doorstep for awhile. He didn't stay long. There



THE AMERICAN DUCHESS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

One of the shining ornaments of society in Paris is the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, an American. She was married in Paris in 1892. She was Miss Mattie Elizabeth Mitchell, daughter of Senator Mitchell of Oregon. This French-American duchess' husband is Francois Alfred Gaston de la Rochefoucauld, of the ancient and noble family which nearly 200 years ago gave to the world that cynical sixth Duke de la Rochefoucauld, with his bitter maxims. In 700 different ways this cynical duke declared that the mainpring of all human action is self interest. The daughter of the American senator is, however, beautiful and brilliant enough to grace any family or title.

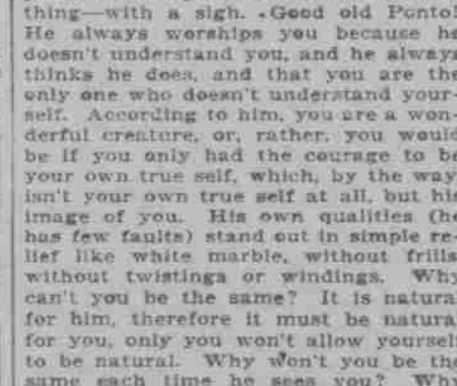
phase or if he were merely in a state of progression one wouldn't mind. He knows he isn't the real thing, but he doesn't think you have the brains to know it. It's an insult to one's intelligence. Your seemilk man tries all of the stunts of the real goods. He can't afford to go to a swell gambling house, but he will juggle with 5 cents of his miserable salary at a little basement poolroom instead of waiting for that sort of thing until he has the salary to fit. Then he struts around and tells people what a "hot sport" he is. (Really, I am becoming very slangy.) But to return to the subject.

A Fabric of Pretense.

The seemilk, when he is taken that way, gives studio salons (shades of De Stael and of Rocamarti) where popcorn and fudge—I beg your pardon, or fudge; you can't have both—are served for refreshments and seemilk epigrams flutter feebly through the air. The seemilk, the incense stick atmosphere. The seemilk gay Lothario will make violent love to a girl over a plate of ice cream (this in cold weather) and an equally chilly paper napkin, and he expects the girl to respond too. When the seemilk man is a doctor he carries around samples of chemicals labeled with long Latin names to impress—aye, more than that, to crush with admiration—his feminine friends. When the seemilk man is a lawyer he doesn't think half so much about his practice as about setting up bachelor quarters consisting of one room and a closet room, with a bit of Chinese paper around the gas globe. And he gets in this fashion the reputation of living on his income in order

was too much going and coming, and he became bewildered. To this day when I think of him it is with an affectionate griping at the heart and a "dear old Pontie" feeling.

But it was a good thing he went. He would have driven me to desperation. He himself would have dwindled to a skeleton. Bless his heart, though! Some girl will have a treasure, thanks to me. When you raved on his honest face you said to yourself, "Here is a man in whom there is no guile," and when you tried to make him understand some peculiarly caviare and complex mood of yours you said the same thing—with a sigh. Good old Pontie! He always worships you because he doesn't understand you, and he always thinks he does, and that you are the only one who doesn't understand yourself. According to him, you are a wonderful creature, or rather you would be if you only had the courage to be your own true self, which, by the way, isn't your own true self at all, but his image of you. His own qualities (he has few faults) stand out in simple relief like white marble, without frills, without twistings or windings. Why can't you be the same? It is natural for him, therefore it must be natural for you, only you won't allow yourself to be natural. Why won't you be the same each time he sees you? Why won't you be calm, be sensible, be fond of quiet books, roast beef and plain living? Above all, why will you instead of speaking plain phrases warp them around home by way of the crossroads? Poor Pontie! Dear, good old Pontie! You didn't know it, but it was the very pervenience, the very all wrongness, that you liked. But you mustn't. If you marry a girl who sees more in life than you, you will be the most unhappy and wretched of men, and she will be struggling along by her side in a vain effort either to hold her to your own pace or to understand and keep up with her. Oh, what you will suffer and (oh, ten thousand times more even) what she will suffer! Somewhere in the world (the world, thank heaven for that, is full of them)



The All Silk Man.

The all silk man? Ah, he is the man for me. He is not so good that he may not be bad, and he is not so bad that he may not be good. He hasn't the human race brutally divided into two classes, the angels and the unangels, and, wise though he is, he is never cocksure. When he meets a strange specimen he doesn't make the mistake of trying to force it into an already discovered class; he is willing to bide a wee and study it under the microscope. The all silk man either gives you nothing or he gives you all. In either case you have no cause for complaint. He is strong and alive and young at ninety and proud of being alive. There is nothing from the ragged kids in the street to the opera on a gala night that he won't take an interest in. He will take, but he will give once and once over again what he takes. The all silk man makes an ideal lover. He isn't jealous; the time other men spend in jealousy he spends in "making good"

THE CAUSE OF WRINKLES.

It is well known that the passions give rise to contraction of the muscles of the face and thereby produce momentary ridges and furrows. These soon become precious wrinkles in persons whose minds are much agitated. For the muscles, instead of contracting momentarily, retain their exaggerated contraction. Thus constant reflection forms deep vertical wrinkles between the eyebrows; hatred and the expression of hate cause small horizontal wrinkles across the bridge of the nose; grief depresses the corners of the mouth. As the expressive muscles at the two extremities of the mouth move the skin of the face they draw nearer by contracting their points of insertion and wrinkle the skin, which has become too full in a direction almost perpendicular to their length. Nothing of this sort is observed in youth. The skin covers the tissues uniformly. Being perfectly elastic, it returns to its original place as soon as the contraction is over. In old age the contrary is the case; the skin loses its elasticity and becomes flaccid, and the muscles act upon it as on a piece of loose canvas. As the formation of wrinkles depends at the same time on the state of the skin and on the tension of the muscles, Mr. Felix Regnaud, of Paris deduces from the fact a double indication as to the mode of treating them. In the first place, he says, a strict attention should be paid to the working of the skin by means of douches, massage and sweating. It should be borne in mind that good hygienic treatment retards the aging of the skin by means of douches, massage and sweating; it should be borne in mind that good hygienic treatment retards the aging of



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A LACE TRIMMED ETAMINE.

Pale blue etamine creates this charming toilet. Antique lace between puffings of the material is employed as a border trimming on the skirt. Lace and embroidered buttons adorn the bodice. A large black chip hat encircled by a white plume is worn with the gown.

with the girl. When he says a thing to you, you know he means it, but he isn't treacherous enough to mean things all the time.

When you are perverse he is perverse with you, and when you are in the clouds with a pair of angel's wings pinned to you he is somewhere on an adjoining cloud watching you in rapt adoration. And when it is his turn to lead—Ah, well, you are likely to prefer to go in his direction.

Where Mr. All Silk Shines.

And when you do the unusual or the crazy or the wispie sided—that's where the all silk man shines. It may be the greatest shock of his life to him, but he isn't such a fool as to reproach you, and he isn't the worse fool to misunderstand you. He simply pulls himself together with a splendid play of mental muscles, and, behold, the first thing you know he is meeting you on your own ground.

The all silk man of all men is generous enough to forget you are a woman, and he talks to you on occasion as man to man.

The all silk man doesn't spend his life worrying over what you will do. And that quality, let me tell you—the ability to think quicker than others when the time comes—is the secret of his success in the business world.

There is no work too hard for the all silk man; there is no play too high. The big things are not for others; they and the work that goes with them are for him.

So if I can't love, honor and obey an all silk man then I won't even love any other man at all.

And I don't care if you know it. KATE CLYDE.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

The queen is not a bright talker and perhaps conscious of this, talks very little. When she does it is usually on personal subjects or on music, concerning which she is an enthusiast. Queen Alexandra's finest qualities are of the heart rather than of the head. It is a nice question whether head dictated or heart dictated kindness, gentleness and courtesy are the more appreciated. The latter is perhaps the more penetrating and sincere. Her majesty's heart is large enough to take in all animals and even a servant's pale looks are no beneath her sympathetic notice and condolence. It is a mistake, however, to think that the queen is a sweet-natured. Here is a strong character, and she can feel and show displeasure most unmistakably and severely. Neither is it her way to forgive quickly, although in case of full repentance forgiveness is ungrudgingly extended.

SWEDISH WEDDING GIFTS.

The Scandinavian bridegroom gives his betrothed a prayer book and other gifts, which usually include a goose. She, in turn, gives him, especially in Sweden, a shirt, and this he always wears on his wedding day. Afterward he lays it away, and under no circumstances of stress or poverty will he wear it again while alive. But he wears it in his grave, and there are Swedes who devoutly believe not only in the resurrection of the body, but in the veritable resurrection of the betrothal shirts of such husbands as have not broken their marriage vows.

Joel Chandler Harris, Author of "A Little Union Scout."

"The Little Union Scout" is primarily a love story but it also deals with incidents of the war and given the reader a pleasant glimpse at the beautiful middle Tennessee country and the village of Murfreesborough, where one of the greatest battles of the Civil War was fought.

The love story is scarcely new in its conception. It has to do with a young woman whose loyalty to the Union led her to become a spy in the service of the Union army and a young man who was a member of Forest's Confederate cavalry. The character delineation of the young woman in the case is especially good and the young man performs all sorts of blood curdling and heroic feats but he is much less interesting. He is assigned by his commanding officer to the duty of capturing a certain Union scout and having already secured valuable information on the subject because of his acquaintance with the young lady he has no trouble in "taking his man" who is in reality the young woman with whom he is in love. General Forest remands the young woman to his care and after the war is over it all ends in the same old way and it is presumed they live happily ever after.

The picture of General Forest is especially well drawn and the reader will admire the dashing Rebel cavalry leader who was for a long time a terror to the Union forces.

The book is published by McClure & Phillips of New York. It is well illustrated and is made to sell for \$1.25.

WORK OF A PERSIAN POET.

The Hundred Love Songs of Kamal ad-Din of Isfahan Just Published.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce the publication of a notable volume of verse entitled "The Hundred Love Songs of Kamal ad-Din of Isfahan," in which Mrs. Ethel Watts Mumford and Dr. Louis H. Gray present for the first time to the western world a poet of love from the east. Through the verse runs the theme of joy and the love, the fidelity and the devotion of the heart of Isfahan to her who was at last to reward his constancy.

Famous in his own land of the Lion and the Sun, Kamal ad-Din, who has remained unknown in Europe or America, but now we may see that in Persia too we poets who sang of love and love only, as high and noble as that of our modern day and our western civilization, and here we may find that the cynical pessimism of Omar of Nishapur is not the sum-total of her poetic burden.

This century of quatrains has been done into English verse, where Oriental language alternates with Occidental vigor, by Mrs. Mumford, a lady already known as a novelist and poet. Her basis was a literal prose translation of the Persian original by Dr. Gray, an Oriental scholar of sound and accurate training. It is thus a piece of English literature upon an Oriental foundation.

The fidelity to the original of their work, a collaboration in the truest sense of the word, is remarkable, not only in spirit but in exactness. It is a striking commendation of their book.

Every character in "The Issue," says the J. L. Lippincott company in their advance notice, means something, stands for something. While the reader may be lost in the maze of the career of the individual characters, the historical reader is bound to see the historical significance in each. There is, for instance,